

## DAYS TURN INTO CENTURIES

On the day near the sea in the summer.  
In the midst of ideas and people doing the right.  
You met me and invited me to tea.  
Until then, I've never protected what wasn't mine.

Days which we spent together felt like hours.  
The hearts beating together, this moment was ours.  
Under the light, you drew a heart on me.  
As night comming, you were all I could see.

A smile on her face appeared when you said you love because I could fly.  
Even without sound I knew when you were calling.  
Loving you was like being among the clouds without fear of falling.  
As time passed, you knew I could fly, not because I was a pilot but because I was a dreamer.

### CHORUS:

(My favorite memory I could never erase.  
You said you fell in love with the smile drawn on my face. And by my glowing eyes.  
When I was with you my heart danced and my eyes sparkled because I knew you were mine.

In the sunset we feel love. We said yes in the middle of the night.  
Each day became an hour, it was our time.  
Your name engraved in my dreams. We made our way home.  
It was all we knew, our love was gold and glow.)

Like a drowning we parted. Because of orders.  
I was drowning in my emotions.  
And I was browsing without solutions.  
Days turned into centuries. Nights in nightmares.

In the middle of the night, i felt you on my side.  
After centuries we found ourselves on that bridge.  
My heart was beating a loud.  
I never had to fly to find you in the crowd.  
My eyes sparkled when you were near me. You were my bright.

I found you in the crowd wearing your green dress.  
It's been ages since I've felt blessed.  
Green means hope, but we had problems to solve.  
Shame on me now for abandoning you.

### CHORUS

I'm sorry I broke the promise.  
To have been so casually cruel, freezing our feelings.  
And putting service first.

Her eyes sad with bright tears, there was no way to forget her face.

Now together and in the midst of these happy tears.

This is more than I can see.

Even not following orders and feeling fear.

My choice is you.

#### CHORUS

Shame of me for doing what I did.

The lives my gun took. The flowers that died.

This is what war is. Without a chance to speak.

My eyes have little sparkle and tears.

Driving and feeling the heat on my face. Plunging into the light and flames.

And never forgetting your face.

Walking in the sun seems easier than feeling this dolor.

Over time you became so important to me.

I would paint the sky your favorite color.

Now this guilt I can't make disappear.

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